

The Mirror

OF

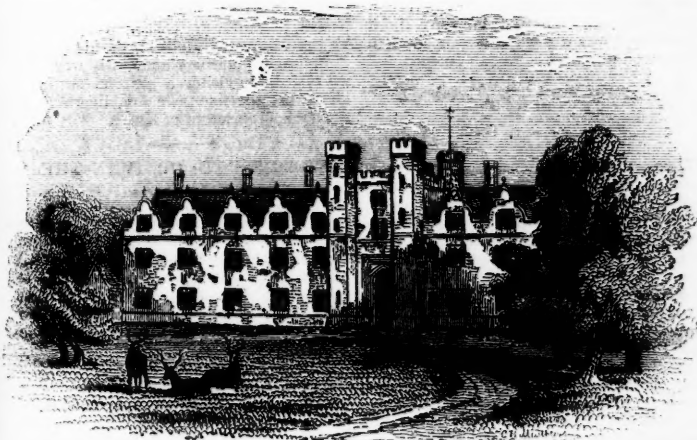
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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Original Communications.

KNOLE, IN KENT.

It is a grateful task to explore those noble, time-defying edifices which have seen many successive generations pass away, which still retain much of their grandeur, while their lords are seen no more, and

"Hands which the reins of empire once had held,
In arms who triumphed or in arts excelled,"
have crumbled into dust. One of these we find in the subject of the cut which embellishes the present number of the 'Mirror.' The mansion there represented has been the seat of many distinguished families. It is near Sevenoaks, in the county of Kent, and stands in a large and beautiful park. Baldwin de Bethun, Earl of Albemarle, held it in the time of King John. To the Mareschals, Earls of Pembroke, it passed by marriage, and next to the proud Bigods, Earls of Norfolk, and from them to Otho de Grandison. Sir Geoffrey de Say, a knight banneret, bought it of Sir Thomas Grandison, the descendant of Otho. Thence it is traced to Rauf Leghe, who sold it to the Fiennesses, Lords Say and Sele. In 1456 it was disposed of by William Lord Say and Sele to Thomas Bouchier, Archbishop of Canterbury, who
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left it at his death, in 1486, to his successors and that see for ever. Archbishop Morton, who succeeded him, augmented the building, and died at Knole in the year 1500. He appears to have been visited once, or more than once, by Henry VII. Dene and Warham were the next prelates in succession, and the seventh and eighth Henries were among the visitors of the latter. After Warham, Cranmer filled the see, and many of its rich possessions he deemed it prudent to surrender to the King, in order to secure the rest. Knole, with its park and lands, thus became the property of the Crown, by whom it was retained till after the accession of Edward V, when it was granted, with other estates, to John Dudley Earl of Warwick, afterwards Duke of Northumberland. On the attainder of that nobleman, in the time of Queen Mary, for supporting the cause of his daughter-in-law, Lady Jane Grey, for which crime he was brought to the block, it was granted by Mary, with Sevenoaks and other estates, to her kinsman, Cardinal Pole, then archbishop. By a remarkable coincidence, that prelate died on the same day that Queen Mary breathed her last; and Knole, again reverting to the Crown, was bestowed

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by Queen Elizabeth, in the third year of her reign, on Robert Earl of Leicester. He did not long enjoy it, being induced five years afterwards to surrender it to his royal mistress. It was next granted, in the following year, to Thomas Sackville Lord Buckhurst, K.G., subject, however, to the remaining terms of a lease which had been granted by the Earl of Leicester, through which the new proprietor did not obtain full possession until 1603, when it was given up by the Lennards of Chevering, who had held it in the interim. Lord Buckhurst was a poet, and was said to have been gifted with "a sublime genius,"

"Till hateful business damp'd his flame,
And for vile titles barter'd fame;
Till the chill cup of worldly lore,
Quench'd the rich thoughts to wake no more."

When a young student in the Inner Temple, he wrote the celebrated induction to his *Legend of the Duke of Buckingham*, in the 'Mirror for Magistrates,' which Warton considered came nearer to the 'Fairie Queene' in the richness of allegorical description than any previous or succeeding poem. His tragedy of 'Gorboduc,' performed four years afterwards before Queen Elizabeth by the gentlemen of the Inn, was the first tragedy known to have been written in English verse. He then became a statesman, and after the death of his father, Sir Richard Sackville, in 1566, was created a peer, by the style and title of Baron Buckhurst, was subsequently made a Knight of the Garter, and having served Elizabeth as Ambassador to several foreign courts, at length, on the death of Lord Burleigh, became Lord High Treasurer. He succeeded to the confidence of James the First, by whom he was created Earl of Dorset. He took up his residence at Knole in 1603, and two hundred men were kept constantly at work in repairing and beautifying the mansion and estate till 1608, when his lordship died while sitting at the Council Board.

Since his time many improvements have been made in the manor. The principal entrance is through a great tower-portal, leading into the first or outer quadrangle. In the centre of the grass plat on each side are models of ancient statues, the Gladiator and Venus, *orta mari*. Through a large tower there is an entrance from this court to the inner quadrangle, with a portico in front, supported by eight Ionic columns, over which is an open gallery with a balustrade. Some of the water-spouts bear the dates of 1605 and 1607.

The great hall of the mansion measures seventy-four feet ten inches in length, and twenty-seven in breadth. A nobly-carved screen at one end supports a grand music gallery, decorated with the arms of Thomas Earl of Dorset, and those of his countess.

In the chimney there are two ancient dogs of elaborate workmanship. The hall has at one end a raised floor for the table of the lord, as was customary in "the olden time," while long tables were ranged on the sides of the apartment for the tenants and domestics: one of these remains, which appears to have been constructed for the ancient game of shuffleboard. Stained glass, of a former century, adorns numerous parts of the building, and the Holbein gallery, which is eighty-eight feet in length, presents a fine collection of portraits by the celebrated Holbein, or his pupils. Many other paintings and costly works of art afford the visitor a grateful surprise, and attest the fine taste and liberality of the noble proprietors of Knole.

THE DESPOT; OR, IVAN THE TERRIBLE.

(Continued from page 344.)

IVAN had witnessed with great apparent satisfaction the cruelties committed on their route by the legion, as if it gratified him to find them so accomplished in the art of murder. At length, on the 2nd of January, 1570, his advanced guard reached the devoted city of Novgorod. The churches and convents were immediately closed, and money demanded from all the clergy without exception. Every monk who could not ransom himself by paying a fine of twenty roubles, was seized, bound, and flogged with inhuman severity. The houses of the inhabitants were closely watched, and their owners thrown into fetters to await the arrival of the Czar. He reached Gorditchie on the 6th, and on the following day all the monks who had not paid the fine were put to death, and their bodies sent for interment in their several monasteries. Ivan made his grand entry on the 8th, at the head of the select legion, and accompanied by his son. The archbishop, with his clergy, and the sacred images, waited for him on the bridge. Ivan scornfully refused to receive the customary benediction, and breathed a fierce and most reproachful malediction on the prelate. The crucifix and images were ordered to be carried into the church of St Sophia. There, with his usual affectation of piety, Ivan attended to hear mass. He then proceeded to the episcopal palace, and sat down to dinner with his boyards. He suddenly rose from table and uttered a loud cry. This was a preconcerted signal. His officers promptly appeared, seized the archbishop and his officers and servants and the palace and cloisters were instantly given up to plunder. The cathedral itself was not spared. Its treasures, its sacred vessels, its images, and bells were all taken away, and the churches attached to the rich monasteries were treated in the like

manner. All the valuables that could be secured having been seized as a preliminary, on the following morning the grand business of the expedition, the tortures and executions, commenced. At these the Czar and his son regularly assisted, and each day, dreadful to relate, from five hundred to a thousand unhappy beings were dragged before them to be consigned to the grave. Some were deprived of their eyes and limbs, others were slowly consumed by a combustible composition prepared for the occasion, and some were tied by the head or the feet to sledges, and conveyed to the Volkhof, to a part of the river which is never frozen hard. There, from the bridge over it, wives with their husbands, mothers with sucking children at their breasts, and, in short, whole families, were pitilessly hurled into the water, while some of the Strelitzes, armed with pikes, lances, and hatchets, sailed on the river to pierce or cut to pieces all who attempted by swimming to save their lives. For five weeks the horrible havoc was continued without intermission. Not only was it accompanied by a pillaging of the houses, but the churches and monasteries in the neighbourhood were ruined, the horses and cattle were killed, and the corn which had been stored away was wilfully destroyed. The commodities found in the shops which the soldiers did not want were thrown into the street, to be scrambled for by the populace.

The number of victims which fell on this occasion at Novgorod and the several places in its vicinity, which were visited with the same monstrous cruelty, has been estimated at sixty thousand souls! At the end of the period which has been named, wearied at last, it may be presumed, of the brutal punishments he commanded being so often repeated, Ivan made a grand display of clemency by granting his pardon to the heart-broken, miserable survivors. Pale and ghastly, they assembled at his bidding, the living images of terror and despair. He pretended to address them with parental kindness, lamented the rigorous measures which had been forced upon him by the treason so happily repressed, and, exhorting them to pray to the Almighty to grant him a long and a happy reign, bade them most graciously farewell, as if a kind word at parting could make them forget that their fathers and children, mothers and sisters, had by his ruthless decree been hurried from life by one comprehensive, unhallowed, undistinguishing massacre.

From Novgorod he carried off an immense booty, which was in all probability the true cause of its being thus awfully visited. He compelled the Archbishop of Novgorod, and many other priests, to accompany him to Alexandrovsky. On

his arrival there he resumed his religious exercises, if so the mockery of devotion in which he indulged may be called, and the captives were confined in noisome dungeons, being occasionally tortured, till the abbot could find leisure without too seriously interrupting the course of his devotions to decide on their fate.

The summer season arrived, and still these unfortunates languished in close confinement. Others were added to them. Some persons who had in the first instance acted against them now shared their sufferings. The instruments of tyranny are commonly in the end numbered among its victims. At length the time came when the Czar deemed it fit to refresh himself with another banquet of blood.

On the morning of the 25th of July no fewer than eighteen gibbets were erected in the market place of Moscow, to which city Ivan returned to take part in this grand ceremony. Various instruments of torture were in readiness, and a huge fire was kindled, over which a vast copper cauldron was suspended. The Muscovites, terrified at the awful spectacle, thought only of saving their lives, and fled, leaving their shops open, and their merchandize, and even their money, unprotected. The streets were almost wholly deserted. Few besides the Strelitzes, who formed in silence round the gibbets and the fire, were seen. The beating of the drums announced the coming of the Czar and his son, who made their appearance on horseback. They were attended by the boyards, several princes, and that portion of the select legion which had not been previously stationed in the market place. In solemn order the Strelitzes followed the Czar and those who accompanied him, and to these succeeded the long and melancholy procession of the unhappy men who were doomed to die. Their appearance was distressing in the extreme. From the tortures they had already known they looked pale and emaciated. They were smeared with blood, and so feeble that they could scarcely advance to the spot on which their sufferings were to be terminated with their lives. On reaching the intended scene of murder, Ivan was at once surprised and grieved to find that the crowd usually assembled on such mournful occasions was absent. None had repaired to the market place as spectators, for the wayward brutality of the despot was such that each felt he himself might probably be added to the condemned list. Such conduct on the part of the populace appeared to him strangely remiss. He immediately gave orders that the citizens should be summoned to behold the spectacle which he had prepared for them, and joined himself in encouraging those who first appeared by assurances of

his perfect goodwill towards them. The means used were so far efficacious that a multitude were speedily brought together from their various hiding places. When this had been accomplished, before commencing the dismal business of the day, Ivan thought it incumbent on him to address the people on the subject of their being commanded there. He accordingly spoke to the following effect :—

"Citizens of Moscow, you are about to witness torture and punishments. These are awful to behold, but I visit with severity none but traitors. Tell me, is mine a righteous judgment?"

Whatever the feelings of the crowd, this condescending appeal seemed to win their hearts. Loud acclamations instantly rent the air, and the cry was general, "Long live the Czar, our lord and master. May his enemies perish!"

Then the tyrant selected from the train of prisoners in the market place one hundred and twenty individuals, to whom, as less guilty than the rest, he granted life. The names of the others were read by the secretary of the Privy Council from a long roll of parchment. Viskovaty, one of them, was ordered to advance before his fellow prisoners, when Ivan read from a paper these words :—

"John Mikhailof, confidential ex-counsellor of the Czar, you have served me disloyally, and have written to King Sigismund, offering to put him in possession of Novgorod. This is your first crime." Saying which he struck the unhappy object of his vengeance on the head with his whip.

He proceeded: "The second crime is not quite so heinous. Ungrateful and perfidious man, you have written to the Sultan, encouraging him to seize on Astrakan and Cazan." Two blows followed the reading of this charge. "You have also," he added, "invited the Khan of Tauris to invade Russia. This is your third crime."

Viskovaty stood unmoved before the ruthless tormentor. In a tone that was marked by respect for authority, and at the same time high-minded courage, he replied—

"I take the Searcher of all hearts, from whom the most secret thoughts cannot be concealed, to bear witness that I have ever faithfully served my sovereign and my country. What I have heard is but a series of monstrous calumnies. To defend myself I well know is vain, for my earthly judge is deaf to the voice of pity, and heeds not the claims of justice. The Eternal Being who reigns in Heaven knows my innocence, and to him I fearlessly appeal; and you, sire, in his awful presence, will one day confess how foully I have been wronged."

That he, thus standing on the verge of eternity, should presume to vindicate his

fame, and as the necessary consequence to impugn the justice of the Czar, was a crime too horrible to be witnessed with patience by the satellites of the tyrant. They impatiently rushed on the unhappy victim to stop his mouth, that no addition might be made to the outrage offered to their sovereign. Viskovaty was suspended head downwards. The Sacristan, as Skuratof was called, then approached to prove his loyalty by commencing the work of blood. He dismounted from his horse and cut off the sufferer's ear, which he displayed, thus severed from a helpless, unresisting man, as if it had been a trophy won in glorious war. The furies who surrounded him imitated his brutality by inflicting innumerable wounds, and the ex-counsellor was, in a few moments, literally cut to pieces.

Funikof, the friend of Viskovaty, was the next of the doomed. The miserable fate of the latter, and the still more appalling punishment that awaited himself, did not so far unnerv him but he could address to the despot the language of scornful defiance and warning. "I salute thee, Ivan," was his speech, "for the last time on earth, and may the God of the just, before whom I am now to appear, bestow upon thee, in another world, the appropriate reward for thy monstrous cruelties in this."

The fiercest tortures, wantonly protracted, Funikof was compelled to sustain. Boiling and freezing water were successively poured on his wretched frame, till his flesh was detached from his bones, while the inhuman author of these fiendish doings enjoyed the disgusting spectacle with horrid exultation and heartless mockery. In four hours two hundred unfortunates were butchered, some of them by the Czar himself.

While the groans of the slaughtered prisoners were still heard, and their blood remained on the ground, the Czar, after labouring with the utmost assiduity to render death terrible, did not fail to resume his devotions. He bowed with an air of profound devotion before that Almighty Being, whose image he had so wantonly outraged and so mercilessly destroyed; and almost the next moment dis-solute riot and joyous carousings resounded through the palace. Among the amusements of the monster, we must not forget to mention, one was the letting fierce bears run loose among his subjects. When a group of persons were assembled within sight of the palace, two or three of these savage animals were sent among them. The hasty flight, agonizing alarm, and piercing cries which were caused by the attack, seemed to afford him exquisite delight. Some of the poor wretches, who were nearly torn to pieces, were required for their sufferings with a small piece of gold.

To such a pitch was the wantonness of cruelty carried by this outcast from humanity, that he had jesters in attendance when executions were going on, to entertain him with their jokes as the work of torture proceeded. These, though favourites, were sometimes the victims of his caprice. They were of various ranks, and Prince Gvosdef is named as one of them. One of his jests, unhappily for him, gave offence, and in consequence boiling soup was poured on his head. He attempted to retire from the table, when Ivan stuck him with his knife, and he fell bleeding to the ground. A physician, named Arnolph, was then called, to whom the Czar, with an affectation of pity, said,—"Save, save my good servant; I have jested with him a little too hard." "So hard," replied the doctor, "that I can do nothing for him." With blasphemous servility, he added, "God only, and your majesty, can restore him to life, for the prince has ceased to breathe." Ivan laughed at the event, called the deceased a dog, and in a few moments seemed to have wholly forgotten what had occurred.

It ought not to be concealed, that the atrocities of the wretched despot were probably, in some instances, prompted and invited by the approbation with which they seemed to be witnessed. The slaves, who owned his sway, not merely acquiesced in his deeds of blood as necessary, but pretended to applaud them as

"The gay, graceful, frolicsome freak of the free,
Which nor law could restrain nor religion control;"

and even gratitude was expressed by some of the sufferers. The voyvod of Staritza, Boris Titof, bowing to the ground before him, Ivan exclaimed, "God save thee, dear Voyvod, thou deservest a lasting mark of favour." Saying this he cut off one of the voyvod's ears. No shrinking, no manifestation of pain was exhibited by Titof. He thanked the Czar for his gracious favour, and wished him a long and glorious reign.

(To be concluded next week.)

NATURAL MAGIC.

No. III.

HERR DÜBLER'S EXPERIMENT OF IGNITING,
AT THE SAME INSTANT, SEVERAL HUN-
DRED CANDLES.

IN the explanation we are about to offer of this original and, to the uninitiated, wonderful feat, we do not pledge ourselves to the plan which we present to our readers this week being the actual mode employed by Herr Döbler, but as our method succeeds most admirably, as we have repeatedly proved by experiments, therefore, so long as the end is obtained with equal success and facility, it matters little to them for whom this paper is written

whether the two systems are alike, although we believe this to be the only method by which it could be carried out. In Herr Döbler's arrangement the candles were placed in different parts of the stage; some suspended from the ceiling, and others on tables, the stage being in darkness, on entering which he fired a pistol,* and at the same instant the candles were all ignited.

The candles employed in this experiment must have their wicks all of the same height, each having been previously lighted, for the purpose of carbonizing the cotton, and then carefully extinguished, and the black or charred parts of the wicks dipped in spirits of turpentine: the candles being arranged in the position above described, must have a slight slip of board so placed as to be on a level with the tips of the wicks, and at the distance of half an inch from them; on this board must be nailed a series of wires, in the shape of the letter V, and arranged along the one edge of the board, so that the leg of each V may stand opposite a candlewick, the distance between the legs being about the one-sixteenth part of an inch, as in the following bird's-eye view; the dots answering to the tips of the candles, and the letters the position of the wires on the

V V V V V V V V V V

board. Between these openings, when the experiment is to be carried out, must be placed a small pinch of percussion powder,† and in any convenient position, out of sight of the spectators, an assistant must have a small electrical machine with a Leyden jar of about two quarts capacity, from the outside coating of which a wire passes to the one end of the board, and a corresponding wire from the other end, being connected with the jointed discharging rod: when all the arrangements are thus made, and the jar charged, the assistant, on the concerted signal, discharges the jar; the electricity, passing between the wires, ignites the percussion powder, the flame of which communicates to the candles. If a row of gas jets be substituted for the candles, the percussion powder may be dispensed with, as the gas may be ignited by the mere spark, as practised by Dr Bachhoffner, at the Polytechnic Institution.

Note.—If the candles are arranged in different parts of the room and not in one

* This, of course, is not essential to the experiment, but very important to the deception, as the noise of the report covers the discharge of the Leyden jar.

† Composed of one part of finely-pulverized sulphuret of antimony, and two parts of finely-powdered chlorate of potass; they must be ground separately, and afterwards gently mixed with a feather on a sheet of paper; without this caution it is likely to explode.

line, care must be taken to arrange the wires so as to have but one commencement and termination; it matters little how they are placed as long as this is attended to, the object being, of course, to transmit the electric fluid through the whole line of wire. B.

LIFE'S BANQUET OVER.

(For the Mirror.)

AND weeps the man of many years,
With chilling dread and burning tears,
Because he now discerns,
That at no distant period hence,
He "to that bourne must hasten whence
No traveller returns."

Life is a treat. A mighty arm
Spreads over it a matchless charm;
But taken the repast,
While yet the cup of joy we drain,
Shall folly venture to complain,
It can't for ever last?

If after happy seasons spent
Clouds lower, shall we feel discontent
That life is on the lees;
As well at dinner after fish,
And fowl, and many a sumptuous dish,
Might we be shocked at cheese.

Our gracious Host may claim at least,
To end when he thinks fit the feast.
Life's entertainment o'er,
Let us, content with good or bad,
Be thankful for what we have had,
And wisely crave no more.

That youth, and strength, and health are gone,
But proves we with our task get on:
Man's progress is decay.
He falls to rise again. 'Tis well;
Good Mr Sexton ring the bell,
Come, Death, and take away. T.

MEDITATIONS OF BONAPARTE.

THE late William Huntington, the far-famed preacher, professed to delight in "a dish of dead-men's brains," or, in other words, to possess himself of the serious thoughts of those who were "on earth no more." His taste in this respect we share. The solemn reflections of distinguished individuals who are in the tomb have in them a something that rivets our attention and inspires a thrilling interest which the most eloquent contemporary could scarcely awaken. We feel it a privilege to be enabled to look as it were into the inward mind of such a man as Napoleon Bonaparte, and to find him musing, like *Hamlet*, on that mysterious state of being which was then his, and from which he has long been dismissed. He thus expresses himself:—

"Man is fond of the marvellous; it has for him irresistible fascinations; he is ever ready to abandon that which is near at hand to run after that which is fabricated for him. He voluntarily lends himself to his own delusions. The truth is, that everything about us is a

wonder. There is nothing which can be properly called a phenomenon. Everything in nature is a phenomenon. My existence is a phenomenon. The wood that is put in the fire-place, and warms me, is a phenomenon; that candle there, which gives me light, is a phenomenon. All the first causes—my understanding, my faculties—are phenomena; for they all exist, and we cannot define them. I take leave of you here, and, lo! I am at Paris, entering my box at the Opera. I bow to the audience; I hear the acclamations; I see the performers; I listen to the music. But if I can bound over the distance from St Helena, why should I not bound over the distance of centuries? Why should I not see the future as well as the past? Why should the one be more extraordinary, more wonderful, than the other? The only reason is, that it does not exist. This is the argument which will always annihilate, without the possibility of reply, all visionary wonders. All these quacks deal in very ingenious speculations; their reasoning may be just and seductive; but their conclusions are false, because they are unsupported by facts."

His thoughts on Mesmerism run thus:—

"Mesmer and Mesmerism have never recovered from the blow dealt at them by Bailly's report, in the name of the Academy of Sciences. Mesmer produced effects upon a person, by magnetizing him to his face, yet the same person, magnetized behind, without his knowing it, experienced no effect whatever. It was, therefore, on his part, an error of the imagination, a debility of the senses; it was the act of the somnabule, who at night runs along the roof without danger because he is not afraid, but who would break his neck in the day because his senses would confound him."

Having attacked the quack Puységur, on somnambulism, at one of his public audiences, and by his bitter sarcasm closed any attempt at a defence of his hobby, he says, speaking of phrenology:—

"I behaved in the same manner to Gall, and contributed very much to the discredit of his theory. Corvisart was his principal follower. He, and all who resemble him, had a great attachment to materialism, which was calculated to strengthen their theory and influence. But nature is not so barren. Were she so clumsy as to make herself known by external forms, we should go to work more promptly, and acquire a greater degree of knowledge. Her secrets are more subtle, more delicate, more evanescent, and have hitherto escaped the most minute researches. We find a great genius in a little hunchback, and a man with a fine commanding person turns out to be a stupid fellow. A big head, with a large brain, is sometimes destitute of a single idea, while a small brain is found to possess a vast understanding. And observe the imbecility of Gall. He attributes to certain protuberances propensities and crimes, which are not inherent in nature, which arise solely from society and the compact of mankind. What becomes of the protuberance denoting thievery where there is no property to steal; of that indicating drunkenness

where there are no fermented liquors, and of that characterising ambition where there is no social establishment?"

The same remarks, says Bonaparte, "apply to that egregious charlatan Lavater:—

"Lavater, with his physical and moral relations. Our credulity lies in the defect of our nature. It is inherent in us to wish for the acquisition of positive ideas, when we ought, on the contrary, to be carefully on our guard against them. We scarcely look at a man's features before we undertake to ascertain his character. We should be wise enough to repel the idea and to neutralize those deceitful appearances. I was robbed by a person who had grey eyes, and from that moment am I never to look at grey eyes without the idea of the fear of being robbed? It was a weapon that wounded me, and of that I am apprehensive wherever I see it, but was it the grey eyes that robbed me? Reason and experience, and I have been enabled to derive great benefit from both, prove, that all those external signs are so many lies; that we cannot be too strictly on our guard against them, and that the only true way of appreciating and gaining a thorough knowledge of mankind is by trying and associating with them."

Although Bonaparte may not have believed in any one of the above, it is strange that so comprehensive a mind should not have been more cautious in his observations. His reasoning on the marvellous is good, and as he properly expresses himself, "Everything in nature is a phenomenon;" yet still, when we come to matter which can be reduced to facts, upon which we can reason and show cause, we need not take it for granted (because we may not have studied the science) that all must rest in error. That there is a considerable deal of truth in phrenology is easily proved, and as easily understood by any persons who will take the trouble to listen, but unfortunately, many persons condemn unheard that which they do not instantly comprehend. Every new science has to labour against prejudice, which is one of the greatest obstacles inventions and discoveries have to surmount. It is difficult enough to create and bring to maturity any new theory, without having to encounter unreasoning prejudice.

Evidence which is before every reflecting mind can easily be adduced to show that phrenology is not a mere phantasy. God never creates or wills without Nature herself being peculiarly adapted for its intended purpose. In the lower animals their peculiar attention to the duties allotted them is called instinct. Now this instinct is caused by a singular formation of the brain. Man is the only animal that has any quantity of brain situated before the ear, that situated behind being the animal organ, and that before the intellec-

tual, with some exceptions. In mentioning a few of the organs which are strongly developed, and which will not require an anatomist to discover the truth, let that of courage be the first, and that of timidity be put in conjunction with it, to show the opposite quality.

Courage is found in the lion, tiger, and bull-dog, and timidity in the hare, rabbit, and spaniel: these few animals are sufficient for the purpose. In the former the brain, situated behind the ears, causes a great projection of the bone at those points, and the ears must of consequence project at almost right angles with the head; which is found to be the case with the head of the brutal Emperor Nero, from all the authenticated busts made at the time, when phrenology was not known. The contrary is seen in the hare, &c. for in those animals there is no projection in the bone as above, for want of the brain in those parts, so that the ears may be brought together at the back of the skull. In birds of song the skull is found to possess a larger portion of brain in the situation of the organ of tune, and those parts of the head are perfectly flat in the birds without song. The same protuberance is found on the foreheads of our great musicians, and is seen very prominently in their portraits, viz., Beethoven, Mozart, Handel, &c.

The beaver, the swallow, and all those animals which take great pains in constructing their nests, have the organ of construction largely developed; but we cannot find that organ in the sparrow, the cat, or dog, or in any creature which does not construct. This organ in man is only found in great architects, or in those who have considerable powers of construction in any matters. The instances that might be adduced are numerous, but the above are sufficient to prove the fact, leaving the reader to search for further information. That the science has fallen into hands of over-zealous persons, who have foolishly come to erroneous conclusions, is true; but that does not overthrow known facts, and one thing is certain, that the beautiful arrangements of a great Creator were not made without a good reason in all his works.

Lavater, whom Bonaparte so severely condemns, has brought forward the secondary symptoms, if they may so be called, for it is by the action of the mind that the muscles of the face are constantly brought into certain forms, and this on the same principle as a gymnastic exercise of the limbs will enlarge those muscles in frequent use, so the face partakes of that general character of the mind. Lavater goes into follies which he should have avoided. Such is most frequently the case with one who brings forward a new theory.



Arms. Ar., a saltier; sa., on a chief of the first, three pallets of the second.

Crest. A buck's head, erased, ppr.

Supporters. Two heads, ppr.

Motto. "Je suis pret." "I am ready."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF FARNHAM.

WHEN James the Sixth of Scotland was looking up to the English crown, to secure an interest for him in this kingdom while Elizabeth still lived, he sent to London the Reverend Robert Maxwell, son of John Maxwell, Esq., of Calderwood. This gentleman was subsequently made Dean of Armagh, which appointment he held for the remainder of his life. He was succeeded by his eldest son of the same name, who was also in holy orders, and who became a Doctor of Divinity in the University of Dublin. Before the rebellion of 1641, he was rector of Tynam, in the Diocese of Armagh, and archdeacon of Down. In 1643 he was consecrated Bishop of Kilmore, and in 1661 the episcopal see of Ardagh was granted to him, to hold in commendam with that of Kilmore. He married Margaret, the daughter of the Right Reverend Henry Echlin, Lord Bishop of Down and Connor, by whom he had three sons, of whom John, the eldest, succeeded him on his death in 1672. This gentleman died without issue in 1713, and was succeeded by his nephew, Robert, the son of his next brother James. Robert, in 1737, was succeeded by his cousin, John Maxwell, Esq., the son of Henry, the younger brother of James, above mentioned. John Maxwell represented the County of Cavan in Parliament, from 1727, till May 6, 1758, when he was raised to the Peerage of Ireland, by the title of Baron Farnham, of Farnham, County of Cavan. He married, in 1719, Judith, the daughter of James Barry, Esq., of Newton Barry, in the County of Wexford, by whom he had a family. On his decease, August 6, 1759, he was succeeded by his eldest son Robert, who was created a Viscount in 1761, and Earl of Farnham in 1763. He married, December 27, 1759, Henrietta, Countess Dowager of Stafford, only daughter of Phillip D. Cantillon, Esq., by whom he had one daughter; and afterwards Sarah, only daughter of Pole Cosby, Esq., of Strabally Hall, Queen's County. He died November 11, 1779, when the honours

conferred on himself expired with him, and the originally barony devolved on his brother, Henry, the third Baron, who became Viscount Farnham in 1780, and Earl of Farnham, June 20, 1785. He was married twice; first in 1751 to Margaret, second daughter and co-heir of Robert King, Esq., of Drewstown, in the county of Meath, by whom he had a son and two daughters. He died in 1800, and was succeeded by his only son John James, the second Earl, who dying without issue July 23, 1823, the earldom expired, and the barony reverted to his kinsman, John Maxwell Barry, who was descended from Henry, the third son of the first Lord. He was a Privy Councillor, Colonel of the Cavan Militia, and a representative Peer. He died September 20, 1838, and was succeeded by his brother, the Reverend William Maxwell. This gentleman married, September 5, 1798, Lady Ann Butler, eldest daughter of Henry Thomas, second Earl of Carrick, by whom he had a numerous family. Within a month after his accession to the title his lordship died, in October 1838, and was succeeded by his eldest son, the present Peer, who was born August 9, 1799; and married, December 3, 1828, Ann Frances Esther, youngest daughter of Thomas, Lord de Spencer. His lordship formerly represented the county of Cavan in Parliament.

ST MARYLEBONE BANK FOR SAVINGS, 76
WELBECK STREET, ESTABLISHED 27th
JULY, 1839.

Comparative statement of progress, at specified periods, during the last seven years.

	Open deposit Accounts.	Sums invested with National Debt Commis- sioners.
		£
On 20th Nov., 1837	9,947	155,910
" 1838	11,278	196,334
" 1839	11,953	223,353
" 1840	12,680	253,167
" 1841	13,004	266,407
" 1842	13,349	283,332
" 1843	14,130	319,496

ON METALLO-CHROMES, AND ANION DEPOSITS GENERALLY.

By CHARLES V. WALKER, Esq., EDITOR OF THE 'ELECTRICAL MAGAZINE,' &c.

(Continued from page 296.)

IN our last we laid down the fundamental law that the contact of three heterogeneous bodies, one of which must needs be a liquid, availed in the production of certain changes in one or other of the bodies employed; and we alluded to the development of some kind of power by this three-fold association. There are well-established, and indeed very familiar cases, in which this power has been shown to occur on the mutual contact of *two* bodies; but in no case are we aware of the power being so continued as to produce such effects as we have now occasion to examine unless the place of the third body is in some way supplied. The common substitution for this body is *motion*. We mention this in order that the young electrician may not take it on erroneous notion respecting the conditions under which the power is developed. And we now pass away from the consideration of the cases in which *motion* is one element of the mystic three, as they do not much concern the present matter, to describe a more methodical groupment of the essential threes, and to analyze the place and circumstances of the several attendant changes which occur among the respective elements.

Group we the elements as we please, select we them as best we may, we can devise no effective combination which does not exhibit a change in at least *two* of the substances employed. The simplest cases are the best for illustration, and one such we select.

We were about to say take a piece of *pure* zinc; but as this is not very easily obtained, take a piece of common zinc, wash it in water rendered acid with oil of vitriol or sulphuric acid, and then rub it well over with mercury, till it is thoroughly amalgamated; allow the superfluous mercury to drain off, and the zinc thus prepared will act the part of pure zinc, for reasons which it is not needful to explain now. Take a piece, say a square inch, of unprepared zinc, and place it in a wine glass with water containing, perhaps, one-tenth sulphuric acid; a brisk effervescence will immediately occur, and a copious liberation of gas will be observed; as this gas will burn, on the application of a light, we know it to be hydrogen; the gas is liberated in bubbles at every part of the surface of the zinc, and the zinc is soon destroyed. If the prepared zinc, or pure zinc, should it be at hand, be now placed in a second wine glass, with another portion of the same acid solution, all will be tran-

quil, no copious evolution of gas will occur, and the zinc remains sound and intact.

But if a platinum wire be immersed in the liquid, until one end of it touches the zinc, a stream of hydrogen will instantly be liberated from the whole of the immense part of the *platinum wire*, and the zinc, at which no gas will be liberated, will be observed to be as before gradually evaded and destroyed. Here, then, is a case of regular groupment, in which certain changes occur, to wit, the production of hydrogen gas, and the consumption of the metal zinc. A superficial observer might link these changes together as cause and effect; and might, perhaps, imagine that, like as beef is made by the consumption of fodder, so is hydrogen gas by the consumption of zinc. Beef, however, is made of the fodder; hydrogen is not made of the zinc, being, as most, perhaps all of our readers know, a simple body, a thing of itself, having no ultimate elements.

The questions then arise, what becomes of the zinc? and whence comes the hydrogen? The right understanding of the solutions of these questions will form a very good foundation stone to chemistry, and the further expositions will be the clue to Electro-chemistry.

Supposing the experiment to have been so nicely managed that exactly thirty-two grains of zinc had been destroyed. We use the term grains for convenience; it might be thirty-two times any other weight. The zinc and platinum are now to be removed, and the liquid is to be placed under such circumstances as to undergo evaporation, which is most conveniently done by placing it in a shallow dish over a spirit lamp. After a considerable diminution in bulk has occurred, the residue is placed aside to cool; when a series of transparent crystals will make their appearance. These crystals at once explain what has become of the zinc; it has combined, in fact, with the things about it, and has formed a certain quantity of sulphate of zinc.

It has not combined, however, at random; it has taken to itself out of the solution a just equivalent of the materials necessary to form with it the salt in question, and no more. On weighing it, it will be found to be exactly 143 grains. The metal, therefore, has taken to itself 111 grains out of the acid liquid.

It would be out of place to describe here the means by which the salt can be analyzed, so as to find of what the 111 grains consist; suffice it here to mention its composition, in illustration of the beautiful order which subsists. Sulphate of zinc in crystals consists of oxide of zinc, sulphuric acid, and water.

Now, 32 grains of zinc require 8 grains

of oxygen to produce an oxide, so that the oxide of zinc weighs 40 grains. Forty grains of oxide of zinc require 40 grains of sulphuric acid (of which 16 grains are sulphur, and 3 times 8 oxygen) to produce a sulphate, which, therefore, weighs 80 grains; and 80 grains of sulphate of zinc require 63 grains of water of crystallization (of which 7 times 1 are hydrogen, and 7 times 8 oxygen), thus making the total 143 grains. The product, therefore, is composed of oxygen, zinc, sulphuric acid, and water.

The origin of all but the oxygen is evident. In seeking this we shall be able to solve the second question—whence comes the hydrogen?

(To be continued.)

GARDENING HINTS FOR DECEMBER.

KITCHEN GARDEN AND ORCHARD.

In-door Department.

PINERY.—The recent accounts of heavy pines have attracted so much notice, and the ready means of procuring a steady bottom-heat for them by the tank system holds out such a great inducement to new beginners, that we find a general stir all over the country in the direction of pine-growing, and, as if to meet a sudden demand for information on their culture, we have two forthcoming books advertised for this purpose. A gentleman connected with the fruit trade tells me that Suffolk was never noted for pine-growing; but he thinks, from preparations now in progress, we shall some day be as celebrated for our fine pines as we now are for our success with cucumbers. He also told me of a successful attempt to put up a tank for pines after some plan in the *Chronicle*, but could not give me any particulars; will some reader be good enough to give me these particulars, that I may make use of them in this calendar, without referring to names, of course? Any accounts of this sort will be as suitable for my purpose, and as useful to the public, as anything I can say on pine culture in winter.

VINERY.—This is time to begin to force the earliest house; a week, however, earlier or later, does not make much difference. If any scale or mealy-bugs have got hold of the vines, get rid of them, by the good old method of steaming the house with fresh horse-dung.

ASPARAGUS, SEAKALE, AND RHUBARB.—Have beds of these in readiness to succeed those now in use, and never apply a strong heat to them.

Out-door Department.

Cauliflowers or Cape broccoli, if only three or four inches round, turn them into a cold pit, placing their roots in some light rich soil; they will swell off and come in very useful in the dead of winter; throw some straw or other additional covering over them in hard frosty weather. To preserve your strawberry plants in pots through the winter, have the pots plunged in a dry bor-

der, ready to have straw or some other dry covering laid over them in frosty weather.

FIGS AND VINES IN POTS.—Turn them out of the pots and plunge their balls in rotten tan, peat, or indeed in any light, sandy soil, with some leaves or straw thrown over the whole.

FLOWER GARDEN AND SHRUBBERY.

In-door Department.

STOVE.—For the next six weeks, at least if the thermometer stands above 55° in the morning, you are safe enough with a general collection of stove plants.

GREENHOUSE.—If the plants are clean, the work here is mere routine. See that Cape bulbs, called the Iridaceæ, are now well supplied with water, if their pots are full of roots. The shoots of the different winter-growing *Tropeolums* will also require attention to training. *Tropeolum pentaphyllum*, of Dalrey, is hardy enough for any part of this island.

CONSERVATORY.—As soon as the *Chrysanthemums* begin to fade cut them down and protect the stools from frost. The *Echites* splendens, exhibited by Mr Veitch, the summer before last, at Chiswick, is at a distance like the gorgeous new *Orchidaceæ*. These *Echites* will inarch on the *Beaumontia*, which is a much stronger plant.

PAVING BELOW THE ROOTS OF FRUIT TREES.—The beneficial effects of this in a case of bad subsoil is exemplified by the following statement. Some apple trees, espaliers, and dwarf standards were planted from six to ten years ago, on a gravelly soil, originally the bed of a gravel pit. Tiles were placed underneath their roots when planted, from twelve to fifteen inches below the surface. On the roots overshooting these and penetrating into the gravel, the fruit became stunted and shrivelled. They were root-pruned early in 1842, and fair, plump, well-coloured specimens were the result of thus reducing the roots to the tiles. In order to accommodate the young roots, extend the paving, otherwise they will follow the course of their predecessors with similar results.—*Gardener's Chronicle.*

A REFLECTION.

Oh! there's an awful pleasure which doth thrill

The soul, when standing by the dying bed
Of one whose falt'ring tongue will soon be still

In death, to think th'immortal will have sped;

A moment's space, where piercing thought is lost

In the immensity it contemplates;
Like an unequal vessel, strain'd and tost,

And swallow'd by that gulf the surge creates.

God! the absorbing thought—he's here—
now there!

His eye now glist'n'ing with its parting light,

Then to be clos'd on earth, reop'n'ing where;
Perchance 'twill gleam angelically bright,

And prove that ev'ry virtuous tear hath giv'n
Life to the ransom'd soul—the flow'r of heav'n!

L. M. T.

MOHAMMED THE PROPHET, HIS LIFE AND DOCTRINES.

THE history of Mohammed must deeply interest the religious world. Dr Weil has endeavoured to distinguish the real deeds of this extraordinary man from the fables circulated of him in the East. In his younger days, it appears, Mohammed was a shepherd. His biographer is of opinion that he gained his knowledge of Judaism and Christianity from his dealings with Jews and Christians that dwelt in Arabia, and especially to a cousin of his wife Kadija, an Arab, who first embraced Judaism and afterwards became a Christian. Having become a prophet, he grew fonder and more fond of solitude, and retired for many days together, sometimes alone, sometimes in company with Kadija, to a cavern of Mount Hara, and where, after the example of his grandfather, Abd Al-mualib, he passed the entire month Ramadan engaged in devotional offices and pious meditations. When he looked back to Abraham, who, though neither a Jew nor a Christian, was accounted as a true believer, a Muslim (a man of God), and not only admitted by Jew and Christian to be a holy prophet, but adored by the Arabs as the father of Ishmael and the builder of the Caaba, he naturally came to the conclusion, afterwards so frequently avowed and declared, that Holy Writ had been partly falsified—in part falsely interpreted, and thus he might feel himself called upon to re-establish a purer faith, such as we find it in the time of Abraham and in the Old Testament. Having in the way of reflection reached this point, his ardent imagination could not long remain inactive, and he soon, whether in night or day dreams, saw an angel sanctioning with divine revelation what he had satisfied his own mind to be true. Such self-deception on the part of Mohammed is the less surprising, when we reflect that, being at one time epileptic, he, in accordance with the received opinions of his time, considered himself "possessed." Mockery at first, and persuasion afterwards, was endured by Mohammed. Dr Weil believes his night visit to heaven to be an invention after his death, founded on a misrepresentation of some passages in the Koran.

Having made numerous proselytes, and finding himself powerful, the once meek prophet now strove for worldly gain and vengeance, and declared himself authorized by heaven to take up arms against his enemies. But, unprepared as yet for open war, he contented himself with the plunder of the caravans of Mecca.

Mohammed desired Abd Allah Ibn Jash to come to him, and told him, with eight, or, as some say, twelve men, who were formerly under the command of Obeida, to take the road to South Arabia. In

order to avoid all discussion, or difficulties that might be started, as to carrying on a war during the holy month Rajab, for such it was, perhaps also to insure the more obedience in the undertaking of so dangerous a mission, he gave him, instead of verbal instructions, a sealed letter, which he enjoined him to open on the third day of his journey, and bestowed on him, as the price of his services, or rather as a bribe, the honourable distinction of Commander of the Faithful (Emir Al Mo'menin), a title which afterwards Omar was the first califf who assumed. Abd Allah complied with the will of the prophet, and when, on the third day, he broke the seal of the letter, he found therein an order to repair with his companions in arms to the Valley of Nachla, that lay between Mecca and Taif, and there to lay wait for the caravan of the Koreishites. Abd Allah communicated to his comrades the contents of this letter, and inquired who would follow him; for, added he, the Prophet has expressly enjoined me not to force the inclinations of any one: as far as concerns myself, I am resolved, even if I must do so alone, to execute the commands of the messenger of God. He thereupon continued on his way, and all his followers with him. But a camel, on which rode two of his soldiers (Saad and Otba), went astray on the road; they, on that account, remained behind to look for it, whilst Abd Allah, and the remaining six or ten men, pursued their journey towards the Valley of Nachla. Having reached their destination, they saw the camels of the Koreishites laden with cubeds, leather, and other wares, pass along under the guard of only four men. Abd Allah followed at some distance in their rear, until they made halt, and, perceiving that he excited their suspicions, caused one of his number to cut close his hair, and go a round-about way to meet them, so that they believed him to be a pilgrim, who had returned from fulfilling the rite of Umra. Whilst, however, anticipating no danger, and trusting to the sanctity of the month Rajab, they neglected all further precautions for their safety, Abd Allah fell upon them with his band, killed one of them (he was the first Arab who fell by the hand of a Mussulman), made two others prisoners, and only the fourth escaped, and sought for help. This, however, came too late, for Abd Allah, with his two prisoners and his booty, lost no time in returning to Medina, which he reached in safety.

The following remarks on Mohammed's style are worth transcribing:—

"The names of Poet, Soothsayer, and Possessed (*Besessener*), with which Mohammed was mocked by the Meccites, may have induced him not only to put some check on his glowing imagination

but also to adopt a style of writing to distinguish him from the Seers of his own country, and hence, in all probability, arose the difference between the earlier and later Surats, not only as regards their matter, but their manner. In proportion, however, as Mohammed changed his style, he became less and less poetical. His periods grew longer and longer, his rhythm more sparing, studied and hard; and before leaving Mecca, the style of the Koran sunk down into a heavy prose, disfigured rather than ornamented by the repetition dragged in at the end of every verse of "God is gracious—May ye be enlightened—God is omniscient—Heavy punishment awaits the sinner," &c. The striking diversity of style observable in the Surats of Mecca and Medina, may also be accounted for as well by the changes that had taken place in his own mind, spiritually, as by the alteration of his temporal circumstances after his return from his flight. Whilst he had constantly before his eyes the idolatries of Mecca, Mohammed was impressed with such a lively conception of, and belief in one almighty and allwise Allah, that his thoughts not only became elevated and sublime, but his language original and figurative, his expressions noble and powerful; God's creative power laid open to his poetic spirit all the wonders of nature. The earth with all it brings forth—heaven with its glittering worlds—the interminable ocean—were depicted as the works of one Supreme Being. In the following verses, even if they possess no extraordinary claim to originality, who can fail to recognize a spirit at once pious and impressed with a firm persuasion of a deity? "God splits the seed and the kernel, brings life out of death, and death out of life. This is (the true) God, how can ye be so dull of comprehension? He it is who causes the morning red to break forth—has appointed the night for rest—the sun and moon for the reckoning of time. These are the dispensations of the Most High—the Allwise. He has created the stars as a guide in the darkness over the dry land and the sea. Such clear and indisputable signs has he given to the Intelligent. He it is who has made you all from one man, and allotted you a secure resting place. Those who reflect aright on these things find a sure sign therein. He it is who sends down the waters from Heaven, that make to sprout forth plants of all kinds, all verdant things, thickly-growing corn, palm trees with heavily-laden branches, vineyards, olive grounds and gardens with pomegranates of all sorts."

Dr Weil thus sums up the character of Mohammed:—

"In Medina, he showed himself no longer a patient sufferer, but an all-powerful actor; his ordinances, no less than his con-

duct, stamped him for a weak, passionate, inconsistent, artful indeed, but short-sighted man and legislator. First he flatters the Jews and seeks to win them over by various concessions; then he revokes all that he had done in their favour, and becomes their bitter enemy. Some he pardoned from fear of Abd Allah, others he allowed to be butchered in the name of God. To-day he sets limits to polygamy—to-morrow, also in the name of God, he himself oversteps the appointed bounds. Were any one assassinated or maimed, by the consent of the relatives the culprit was permitted to expiate his crime with money; whilst no mercy was shown to the thief, who lost his hand for his offence. In the most critical moments of his public and private life he suffered himself to be biassed, contrary to his own better reason, by the opinion of others; as at Ohed, where he engaged the enemy against his will; at the siege of Medina, where he wished to conclude a separate treaty of peace; and at Taif, where, according to some accounts, he gave orders for storming the place, though he well knew that it could be attended with no favourable result. The strongest proof, however, of the weakness of his character is, that he died without naming his successor, and thus as it were prepared the overthrow of an empire, of which he had been the founder. It was very possible that he could not make up his mind as to the succession. His heart probably leaned towards Ali, the husband of his beloved daughter—his understanding to Abu Bekr, who was not only better fitted to govern than the all too-open-hearted and worthy Ali, but was supported (in his pretensions) by the powerful Omar. Mohammed, without any extraordinary gifts of the spirit, might in Mecca have been acknowledged by many as a prophet, because the faith that he preached was a vast improvement on the gross idolatrous worship there practised. His prepossessing person, his distinguished eloquence, his unexampled liberality, his self-sacrifice for his friends, and his protection and support of the poor, of slaves, and of exiles, must have swelled the number of his retainers, and made them passive instruments of his will. But if such were the sources of his influence in Mecca, he owed the extension of his power in Medina to his near relationship with the Ausites, to the prospect of the booty to be gained under his banner, the want of unity among the Arabs themselves, to his flattery and artifices, rather than to a real greatness of mind, warlike talents, or personal bravery. No means were dishonourable in his eyes, by which he could overreach an enemy, or sow dissension among his adversaries."

SUSANNA; OR, CHRISTMAS IN NORWAY.

THE following Christmas picture, by Bremer, which has lately been translated from the Swedish, will entertain. Susanna and Harold, a Swedish lass and a Norway swain, are lovers. Lady Astrid, the mistress of Susanna, absorbed in hopeless melancholy, adds a graceful interest to the scenes described.

"Only such a soil could bring forth such wonders. In the forenoon Harold went with Susanna to the farmyard, where, with her own hands, she distributed oats to the cows, bread to the sheep, and to the poultry corn, in fullest measure. In the community of the chickens a great variety of character might be observed. Some seized greedily upon the corn, while they drove the rest forcibly back; others remained at a modest distance, and picked up contentedly the grains that fortune sent them. Some of them seemed more anxious to provide for others than for themselves. Of this noble nature was a young cock, with a high crest and brilliant plumage, and of a peculiarly proud and lofty bearing; he yielded his share to the hens, hardly reserving to himself a single grain of corn, but looking down with an air of majesty upon the crowd that pecked and cackled at his feet. On account of this noble behaviour, Susanna had called him the Knight, and this name he always retained. Among the geese she saw with vexation that the poor grey was still more oppressed than ever by his white tyrant. Harold proposed to have the grey goose killed, but Susanna insisted warmly, that if either of the rivals were to be sacrificed, it should be the white one. In a house where there are no children, where neither family nor friends assemble, where the mistress of the mansion sits in darkness with her sorrow, can Christmas-eve bring but little joy. But Susanna had made her preparations to diffuse happiness. She had rejoiced in this thought the whole week through, in the midst of her many occupations; and the more, that her life would have been gloomy indeed, if the hope of giving pleasure to some one had not always glimmered, like a little star, over her path. Larina, Karina, and Petro were this day to taste the fruits of Susanna's night-watching; and when the evening came, and Susanna had spread the Christmas table, and had seen it set out with lutfisk,* roast meats, chickens, plates of butter, tarts, and apples, and lighted with many candles; when the people of the farm assembled round the table with eyes that glistened with delight and appetite; when the oldest

of the company began a song of thanksgiving, and all the others joined in it with folded hands and solemn voice, then did Susanna feel that she was no longer in a strange land. She joined in their song, and seated herself at the table, a cheerful, hospitable hostess; animated the strong to the performance of prodigies, and placed the most delicate dishes before the weak and timid. Fru Astrid had told Susanna she wished this evening to remain alone in her room, and would take only a glass of milk. But Susanna was resolved to surprise her into pleasure, and to this end had laid a little plot against her peace. At the time when the glass of milk was to be carried to her, a beautiful boy, dressed to represent Susanna's idea of an angel, and with a crown of light upon his head, was to enter her door softly and beckon her forth. The lady could not surely resist so beautiful a messenger, and he was to conduct her to the principal room, where, in a grove of fir trees, a table was to be spread with the choicest productions of Susanna's skill, and behind the fir trees the people of the house were to be assembled, and sing, to the well-known melody of the country, a song in praise of their lady, and full of good wishes for her future happiness. Harold, to whom Susanna had communicated her plan, shook his head doubtfully at first, but afterwards agreed to it, and even lent his aid in its execution, by procuring the fir trees and assisting at the toilet of the angel. Susanna was delighted with her beautiful little messenger, and followed him softly, as, with some anxiety for his head and his brilliant crown, he tripped lightly towards Fru Astrid's apartment. Harold opened the door softly for the boy. Within, they saw the lady seated in an arm chair, her head bent down upon her hands. The lamp upon the table threw a dull light upon her mourning dress. Roused by the opening of the door, she looked up, and gazed with a wild look upon the apparition. Then she rose hastily, pressed her hands upon her breast, uttered a faint cry of terror, and sank lifeless to the ground. Susanna pushed her angel hastily aside, and rushed to her lady, raised her in her arms, with a feeling of indescribable anguish, and bore her to the bed. Harold, on his part, occupied himself with the poor angel, whose crown having lost its balance, the hot tallow was streaming over his forehead and cheeks, while he uttered the most piteous cries. Susanna soon succeeded in bringing her lady back to life; but for some time her senses seemed bewildered, and she uttered confused and disconnected sentences, among which Susanna could only distinguish the words, 'apparition—unhappy child—dead.' Susanna inferred that her pretended angel had terrified her, and cried out in a voice broken by sobs,

* "Codfish, which has been soaked in lye for several weeks. This is a common Christmas dish in Norway and Sweden."

'Ah! it was only John Guttormsen's little son, whom I had dressed up as an angel, to give you pleasure.' Susanna saw now but too well how unfortunate this idea had been; but Fru Astrid listened with eager interest to Susanna's explanation of the appearance which had thus shaken her. At last her convulsive state yielded to a flood of tears. Susanna, beside herself with grief, that, instead of joy, she had been the cause of sorrow to her lady, kissed, weeping, her dress, her hands, her feet, with earnest entreaties for forgiveness. Fru Astrid answered in a gentle but reproving tone, 'You meant it well, Susanna; you could not know what sorrow you would cause me. But never think again—never attempt again to give me pleasure; I can never more be cheerful—never more be happy; a stone lies at my breast that can never be lifted from it till the stone is placed over my grave. But go now, Susanna, I must be alone—I shall soon be well again.'

Miscellaneous.

IMPROVEMENT IN INDIA. — A jail-bird can easily be distinguished after the first six months, by his superior bodily condition. On his head may be seen either a kinkháb or embroidered cap, or one of English flowered muslin, enriched with a border of gold or silver lace. Gros de Naples is coming into fashion, but slowly. On his back is a blanket (if he chooses to carry it out of prison), which is renewed annually; and he has in his hands a handsome set of brass plates and dishes, or a curiously carved hooka bottom, if on good terms with the ruling powers. See him at work: the burkundauze is smoking his chillum, while he and his friends are sound asleep, *sub tegmine fagi*! All of a sudden there is an alarm—the judge is coming!—up they all start, and work like devils for ten or fifteen seconds, and then again to their repose. This is working in chains on the roads! In fact, after a man is once used to the comforts of an Indian prison, there is no keeping him out!—*Davidson*.

KNIFE-GRINDERS. — At Sheffield and other towns where cutlery is manufactured, there is a class of artisans called grinders. The dust in which they breathe while at their work is pernicious, and eventually a chemical combination is formed, which coats their lungs with stone. Sir Arnold Knight, M.D., thus describes this horrid disease in his examination by the Commissioner:—"Grinders who have good constitutions seldom experience much inconvenience from their trade until they arrive at about twenty years of age; about that time the symptoms of their peculiar complaint begin to steal upon them; their breathing becomes more than

usually embarrassed on slight exertions, particularly on going up stairs or ascending a hill; their shoulders are elevated in order to relieve their constant and increasing dyspnoea; they stoop forward, and appear to breathe most comfortably in that posture in which they are accustomed to sit at their work—viz., with their elbows resting on their knees. Their complexion assumes a dirty, muddy appearance. Their countenance indicates anxiety; they complain of a sense of tightness across the chest; their voice is rough and hoarse, their cough loud, and as if the air were driven through wooden tubes." They die shortly after of consumption; the dry grinders at from twenty-eight to thirty-two years old,—the wet grinders live till forty. Every effort hitherto made to modify the ravages of this trade has been discouraged by the men themselves, from a dread of having their wages lowered.

SUPPOSED INFERIORITY AND PERFECTION OF THE NATIVES OF AMERICA.—De Pauw, in his '*Recherches Philosophiques sur les Americains*,' broached opinions very derogatory to the intellectual and physical condition of the inhabitants of the New World. He laid it down, that under the influence of a climate which checks and enervates the principle of life, man never attained in America the perfection which belongs to his nature, but remained an animal of an inferior order, defective in the vigour of his bodily frame, and destitute of sensibility, as well as force, in the operations of his mind. Others, and M. Buffon among them, struck with the appearance of degeneracy in the human species throughout the New World, broached the notion that this part of the globe had but lately emerged from the sea, and become fit for the residence of man; that everything in it bore the marks of a recent origin; and that its inhabitants, lately called into existence, and still at the beginning of their career, were unworthy to be compared with the people of a more ancient and improved continent. In opposition to this, another singular theory was started, founded upon no less erroneous premises; that, inasmuch as the rude simplicity of savage life displays an elevation of sentiment, an independence of mind, and a warmth of attachment, for which it is vain to search among the members of polished societies—the most perfect state of man is that which is the least civilized. Consequently, the manners of the rude Americans were described by the philosophical advocates of this doctrine as models to the rest of the species.

A MURDERER.—A late traveller give the subjoined extraordinary instance of the imperfection of the administration of British law in India, in the following history of the celebrated murderer, robber,

and smuggler, Gopal:—"Gopal is at present about forty-two years of age, a tall, athletic man, with a most hideous muddy eye, having the glare of hell itself. It is said that he has always fifteen servants upon stated pay, and can in a few hours command the services of three hundred armed and desperate men. He is a smuggler of salt, and although mean in his apparel (how is it that the greatest geniuses are generally so slovenly? is it a law of nature?) he asserts that his daily expenses exceed six rupees, and he must get them, either by robbery or smuggling. The strength and vigour of the Calpee police may be fairly estimated by the fact, that Gopal has been known to walk into the dwelling house of a rich merchant, in the centre of the most populous part of the town, and when he was surrounded by his alarmed servants and family, he has very coolly selected the gold bangles of his children, and silenced the trembling remonstrances of the Mahajun by threats of his vengeance. Nor is this a solitary instance; but he pursues this line of conduct with so much tact and judgment, that he has now established his character, and is greatly respected in the city. When he murders, Gopal is equally above all concealment, as in the recent case of a sepahce returning with his savings for the subsistence of his family, who was waylaid and murdered by our hero in open day. After securing the plunder, he very coolly gave himself up to justice, acknowledging, with the most praiseworthy candour, that he had killed the sepahce, who had first assaulted him. It was proved on the trial that the sepahce was wholly unarmed. He was sentenced to be hung by the court of Hameerpore, on his own confession; but so tender are Feringees, that Gopal was released, from want of evidence, by the Sudder Court at Calcutta. Their objection was excellent, though curious; it was, that if Gopal's confession were taken, it must be taken altogether, and not that part only which could lead to his conviction. Gopal was released, and now walks about in his Sunday clothes, or may be seen smoking a delicate chillum in the verandah of his brother's house. Gopal is a living evidence of British tenderness."

REMAINS OF PILGRIMS.—In March last, as I was crossing the Soubunreeka river (India), my attention was attracted to a number of human skeletons, which lay scattered upon the white sands adjacent to the course of the stream. Upon inquiry, I learned that these were the remains of pilgrims who were on their road to the great pagoda at Juggernaut, and had been drowned two evenings before by a ferry-boat sinking with them. On approaching several of these sad vestiges of mortality, I perceived that the flesh had been devoured

from the bones by Pariah dogs, vultures, and other animals. The only portion of the several corpses I noticed that remained entire and untouched, were the bottoms of the feet and the insides of the hands; and this extraordinary circumstance immediately brought to my mind that remarkable passage recorded in the 2nd Book of Kings, chap. 9, relating to the death and ultimate fate of Jezebel, who was, as to her body, eaten of dogs, and nothing remained of her but the palms of her hands and the soles of her feet. The former narrative may afford a corroborative proof of the antipathy that the dog has to prey upon the human hands and feet. Why such should be the case, remains a mystery.—*Correspondent of the Malta Times.*

The Cathartes.

Strange Deity.—The Saxon idol was placed on a pedestal, armed at all points. In its right hand a standard appeared on which a rose was depicted, and in its left was the balance of Justice. On the breast was carved a bear, and on the shield a lion. This strange object was worshipped with great devotion, and its temple filled with costly offerings.

A Barrow Bull.—In the life of Lord Anson Sir John Barrow says the fleet of the Spanish Admiral, attempting to double Cape Horn, were driven by a storm to the eastward, and "*dispersed altogether.*"

Calumny.—The famous Reformer Calvin told Francis I that "there would be no such things as innocence, either in words or deeds, if a simple accusation was sufficient to destroy it;" *nullam neque in dictis, neque in factis, innocentiam fore, si accusasse sufficiat.*

Sub-division of Labour.—The manufacture of knives is divided, so that no one class of workmen are able to finish a knife, or to complete more than their own work; the forging of the blades, the grinding and polishing of them, and the making of the handles, are three perfectly distinct branches; and even these are again subdivided into the various processes of riveting, fitting, polishing, &c.

Bull in Germany.—A new English paper is about to appear at Heibelberg, under the title of 'Bull in Germany.' It will contain fashionable, literary, and political intelligence. The ladies are assured in the prospectus that "they will pass an agreeable half-hour weekly, if so inclined, with a 'Bull' in their fair hands."

The late Mr Wrench.—Mr Wrench, who died last week, made his *debut* on the London boards about thirty years ago, as *Belcour*, in the 'West Indian,' at the Lyceum, when the Drury-lane company acted there. He had previously acted under

Tate Wilkinson, who declared, on seeing his first performance, that "there was some roast beef in him."

Danger of Tapping.—After a consultation, several physicians decided that a dropsical patient should be tapped. Upon hearing of the decision of the doctors, a son, remarkable for his devotion to John Barleycorn, approached and exclaimed, "Father! don't submit, for there was never anything tapped in our house that lasted more than a week."

Death of a Great Man.—When a great man dies, then has the time come for putting us in mind that he was alive; biographies and biographic sketches, criticisms, characters, anecdotes, reminiscences, issue forth as from opened springing fountains; the world, with a passion whetted by impossibility, will yet a while retain, yet a while speak with, though only to the unanswering echoes, what it has lost without remedy; thus is the last event of life often the loudest; and real spiritual apparitions (who have been named men), as false imaginary ones are fabled to do, vanish in thunder.

Wisdom of Providence.—I pity the man who can survey all the wonders of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, who can journey through so delightful a district, and afterwards exclaim, "All is barren!" Still more do I pity those, though the sentiment is mixed with strong disapprobation of their conduct, who, after having seen much to admire, shall, when they meet with a circumstance which they do not understand, presumptuously dare to arraign the wisdom and benevolence of Nature.—*Abernethy's Last Lecture.*

Rapid Transit.—An attorney's clerk may steam it to St Petersburg and coach it to Moscow, and be back before the long vacation is over; ay, though he do Warsaw and Berlin by the way. The shopboy in Liverpool, after his Saturday's labours are ended, embarks his cherished person on board a steamer for Dublin; stares at Nelson's pillar in Sackville street, and Wellington's obelisk in the Phoenix park; and after hearing Paddy's Opera in the cathedral where Swift once presided, and visiting two or three meeting-houses (the best schools for flirtation in the world, as is known to every visitor to the Irish metropolis), he may re-embark about bedtime—when he may reckon with tolerable certainty upon being home in time to open his master's shop at the wonted hour, and soberly resume the cares and duties of the week.—*Modern Traveller.*

Debates Suppressed.—When Bonaparte was still an advocate for liberty, before he thought of becoming Emperor, as First Consul he did not disdain to interpose his influence to prevent the French public from knowing what had passed in the

Chambers. "Incidents," says the Baron Locré, "had occurred in certain debates which an adversary might have taken advantage of, however unfairly. I felt this, and apprehensive that I might compromise myself whether I published the passages as ordered or whether I suppressed them, I went to the First Consul in order to communicate to him my difficulty. He anticipated me, saying upon my approach, 'Have you sent the continuation of the journals to the printer?' 'No,' I replied, 'I come on the contrary to—'—'Do not print them, then,' continued Napoleon, 'we will consider of it by-and-bye.'"

Man a Revelation.—Friend Novalis, the devoutest heart I knew, and of purest depth, has not scrupled to call man what the Divine Man is called in Scripture, a "Revelation in the Flesh." "There is but one temple in the world," says he, "and that is the body of man. Bending before men is a reverence done to this revelation in the flesh. We touch heaven when we lay our hand on a human body." In which notable words, a reader that meditates them, may find such meaning and scientific accuracy as will surprise him.—*Teufelsdröck.*

State of English Industry.—Inquiry has visited schools, explored the loathsome and pent-up dwellings of the urban poor, inspected villages, soared among the mountains, dived into mines, ransacked the very gutters of our towns, and brought to light horrors enough to stock and people a pandemonium; so much vice, filth, disease, ignorance, and suffering, has there been found rankling, not alone in one or two isolated spots, but more or less infesting and polluting all the spheres of industry, and therefore the springs of life to this great and civilized nation. What practical result has followed? What have we done to expiate the guilt of indolence, of which we are at once the self-accusers and the witnesses? As a nation, absolutely nothing.—*Westminster Review.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Churchman."—The name of Methodist was given to a sect of physicians at Rome, founded by Themison, but a new set of polemic doctors sprung up about the seventeenth century, distinguished by their zeal in defending the Romish church against the attacks of the Protestants. The name is now given to the followers of Wesley and Whitefield: the former sect are Calvinists, and the latter depend upon justification by faith, as is done by the Armenians.

The 'Transformation' is rather too long for us, and the measure chosen is hardly to our taste.

"L. M. T." is informed his signature was omitted by accident to the poem of 'Ten Years to Come.' We are happy to hear from Mr Andrews again.

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